NO;——

This is the TRUTH.

A

POEM.

(by Edward Thicknesse)

——Hi mores, hæc duri immota Catonis
Secta fuit, ſervare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque ſequi, patriæque impendere vitam;
Nec ſibi, ſed toti genitum ſe credere mundo.
——Urbi pater eſt, urbique maritus;
Juſticiæ cultor, rigidi ſervator honeſti:
In commune bonus.—————— LUC.

Sold by the Bookſellers in *Newcaſtle upon Tyne.*

Price SIXPENCE.

®

This is the TRUTH.

A

POEM.

LONDON:

Sold by the Booksellers in Newcastle upon Tyne.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

NO;——

This is the TRUTH.

IDST all the Clamours, Noiſe, and falſe Alarms,
Which raiſe our City, and ourſelves to Arms;
What more ſucceſsful than the common Cry,
The Want of Bread, and Loſs of Liberty?
This fills the Poor with Rage, enflames the Great,
And makes Confuſion hurl along our Street;
Tears Peace and Pleaſure from each fearful Heart,
And makes our Treaſure, and our Town, to ſmart;
Deſtroys its Honour by a ſham Pretence,
Of heading Fops to ſtand in its Defence;

Pulls down its Grandeur for a private End:
This is the TRUTH, which I aſſert, depend.

GREAT *Nova*. groan'd by arbitrary Sway,
When *Felix* made her tremble and obey:
Her Citizens were Slaves, her Pow'r confin'd;
For all was done to his deſigning Mind:
Her Honour panted in his pow'rful Paw;
His Int'reſt, not her Profit, was a Law.
The City ſhudder'd when he ſhook his Rod,
And Prieſts and People ſerv'd this earthly God.

LONG *Felix* reign'd the Terror of the Town,
And ſole Diſpoſer of the *Scarlet Gown:*
Her Places, Profits, he had all to give;
None but his Tools he'd ſuffer for to live.
Whoever diſoblig'd him, might be ſure
To feel the Weight and Malice of his Pow'r.
Revengeful, bitter, ready to oppreſs;
The City's Torment, and the Poor's Diſtreſs.
Complaints, and Crys, continually were heard,
To which he had not, or paid no Regard.
This is the TRUTH, my Friends, deny who can;
For all allow he was a ſelfiſh Man.

THUS ſwell'd with Pride, and fluſh'd with great Succeſs,
He rode triumphant o'er our Happineſs:

No Limits cou'd confine his boundleſs View,
He too oft conquer'd what he did purſue.
Numbers of Minions always were in Pay,
To hunt his Game, and ſhew him to his Prey:
Thus Stratagem and Strength together wrought,
And all the News he wanted ſoon was brought.

FROM this abandon'd Source ſprung all the Wo,
Which *Nova.* ſuffer'd, and which now we know:
The Bondage, and the Burthen, which we felt,
Wou'd make the Hearts of *Nero*'s Servants melt.
A Series of the ſaddeſt Things were done,
Before the Face of Juſtice and the Sun;
Succeeding Injuries were ſtill impos'd,
And Slaves in Council with his Schemes ſoon clos'd.
They ſtretch'd their Conſciences, and always gave
As much, or more, than ever he did crave.
The ſhameful Time hath in our City been,
When *Twenty* were inferior to *Fifteen.*

THUS were we us'd, and thus our Right was ſpent;
He had our Way-leaves, —— we but little Rent:
And on the Ruin of us all did mount;
For none durſt call this *Felix* to Account.
Our Caſe was bad, our Loſs we did deplore;
We did lament, but we durſt do no more:
In vain were all our Efforts for Relief,
He ſwam, borne up, and glory'd as our Chief.

THUS, like the great *Leviathan* that laves,
And ſcorns the Tempeſt, and defies the Waves,
The trembling Prey back from his Preſence fly;
Nor truſt his Strength, or Mercy, leſt they dye.

THE *Babylonian* Captives, they might ſing;
But we were Slaves, and durſt do no ſuch Thing.
Our Tongues were ſilent, and our Looks were meek;
Our Hearts were heavy, but we muſt not ſpeak!
We ſigh'd, and, ſighing, on our Sorrows fed;
This was the melancholy Life we led.
To think was dang'rous, to complain was worſe:
We call'd him *Bleſſing*, but he was a *Curſe*.

NOR did his Pow'r inſult o'er us alone;
His Wrath in Churches, and in Schools, was known.
The Clergy ſuffer'd if they did not bend:
To none, but thoſe who cring'd, he was a Friend.
Merit and Modeſty had no Reward;
Juſt as he pleas'd he ſcatter'd his Regard.
Partial in Favours, as in Puniſhment;
Without Forgiveneſs, deaf to juſt Complaint.
He had ſuch *Gall*, ſuch *Rancour*, in his Mind,
As made him dreadful where it was deſign'd.
When e'er the Crimſon dy'd his frowning Face,
There was no Hopes of Mercy, or of Grace.
I've ſeen his Paſſion work to that Degree,
That he has trembled in the Agony.

The Poor look'd pale, the City ſeem'd to nod,
When *Felix* ſwore by the Eternal —— G—d!
This is the TRUTH, dear Citizens! 'tis plain,
We all were Slaves in Time of *Felix*' Reign.

ALMS-HOUSES, Hoſpitals, and Church, were made
Subſervient, and their Homage duly paid.
Oppreſſion made the Poor to pine and dye,
And cringing made the Clergy Slaves, and lye.
Inferior Officers were all his Tools;
He wrung both Senſe and Learning out of Schools:
Whoever durſt withſtand what he begun,
'Twas *Felix*' Pleaſure, and it muſt be done.
The Thing is righteous, all the Town proclaim,
You muſt be ſtarv'd, if *Felix* be to blame.
This is the Caſe, and hear it, O ye *Youth!*
It was your Ruin, but it *is the* TRUTH.

NOVA. be cautious, and no Hazard run;
But view the *Father* living in the *Son.*
So long as any of that Blood remain,
If they have Pow'r, you're ſure to have —— a Chain.
You that did of theſe grievous Wrongs partake,
Shou'd mind young *Felix* for his *Father*'s Sake.
Truſt not his Promiſes, for ſure the Fruit
Will be corrupted by the tainted Root.
The hidden Danger lies in Ambuſcade;
Be on your Guard, you need not be afraid.

His Scheme is Int'reſt, and the Thirſt for Fame;
His Father's Drifts and his are both the ſame.
Give him Dominion as ye gave his Sire,
You'll ſet his Soul, and *Vanity*, on Fire.
He'll ride you recent; but if you complain,
He's gain'd his Point, and then you ask in vain.
If e'er you help his Project to encreaſe,
Then that falſe Step entirely damns your Peace.

REMEMBER all the Suff'rings which you bore;
Your Town was plunder'd, and your Pictures tore:
Your Merchants robb'd, abus'd and villify'd,
Occaſion'd by the dire Effects of *Pride*:
Your Hall demoliſh'd, and your Books in Truſt
Conceal'd, and all your Honour in the Duſt.

HAVE Courage, Citizens! theſe Wrongs reſent;
Now is your Time, for after you'll repent.
Your gaſping Glory groans for ſome Redreſs,
And ſtruggles for to graſp at Happineſs.
This Bleſſing great there's none has Pow'r to give
But CATO; ask him, and he'll let you live.

NOW ſmile, my Muſe, the pleaſant Theme purſue;
For PARADISE is open to thy View.
The dreadful, gloomy Deeds thou ſung before,
Require Refreſhment, now the Task is o'er.

Now with Amazement, Joy and Tranſport, 'ſpy
The great Promoter of true Liberty;
The Friend and Father, Succour and Defence,
Of *Nova.* ſhining with ſweet Excellence,
Diffuſing Love and Comfort where he goes;
Loving to all, and loving to his Foes.

THIS is your CATO, this the famous He,
Who from Oppreſſion ſet you ſafely free:
Sunk to the loweſt Ebb, loſt in Deſpair,
He flew to ſave you; now you are his Care.
Your Bondage did his Virtue ſo provoke,
That bravely he the long Enchantment broke:
Expos'd where ev'ry private Engine lay,
By which old *Felix* made you all his Prey.
This is the TRUTH, I boldly juſtify;
In CATO's Preſence, who dare tell a Lye?

I SPEAK ſincerely; hear me, Foes and Friends!
To hurt you he can have no private Ends.
Adorn'd with Fortune equal to his Mind,
From him your Safety, and your Peace, you'll find.
Ambition never touch'd his tender Heart;
The Sight of Cruelty wou'd make him ſmart.
To ſerve you, he wou'd do the beſt he cou'd;
His greateſt Pleaſure is in doing Good.

HEAR! how the Widows beg, the Orphans pray,
For Health and Safety to him ev'ry Day:
His Grandſire's Steps he treads with due Revere,
Who was no Alien, nor ~~no~~ a Stranger here.
The Good his gracious Family have done,
Will laſt till Time and Fate eclipſe the Sun;
Till Nature languiſh, and till Worlds unknown
Shall gaſp, and give their laſt tremendous Groan.
Say, *Envy*, if thou dar'ſt, for now I'm free;
My Muſe is ſporting with her Liberty.
I challenge *Malice*, and the *Wrath of Man*,
To taint, to blaſt his Honour, if they can.
CATO, unmov'd, defends his Country's Cauſe;
He wants no Profit, nor does ~~no~~ Applauſe:
He has no ſecret Int'reſt to promote;
The Town may bluſh to let him ask a Vote.
'Tis pity Merit wants its due Reward;
But Fools and Madmen never ſhew Regard.

SEE, dreaming *Blockhead*, and thy *Sylph* may ſee,
The long Succeſſion of his Charity:
He makes no Feaſts to poiſon, or to ſnare;
The Welfare of the City is his Care.
His Heart and Houſe with open Succours flow;
Diſtreſs is welcome, Hunger, Cold and Wo.

He has no View but Goodneſs in his Sight;
To cure Affliction gives him much Delight.
The Naked, Helpleſs, Widows, may depend,
That CATO is their Father, and their Friend.
This is the TRUTH, which I with Pleaſure tell:
——If *Felix* be but happy, all is well.

FINIS.

Errata. Page 10, Line 4, for *no Stranger*, read *a Stranger*. l. 14, for *asks no*, read *does ask*.

He has no View but Goodness in his Sight;
To cure Affliction gives him much Delight.
The Naked, Helpless, Widows may depend,
That CATO is their Father, and their Friend.
This is the TRUTH, which I with Pleasure tell:
——If Felix be but happy, all is well.

FINIS.

29AP 88

Errata. Page 10, Line 4. for no Strangers read Strangers. L. 11. for asks no, read dare ask